

V. 11, no. 2



CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY
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—the MOUNTAIN—

ECHOES

Nov. - Dec.





the MOUNTAIN ECHOES



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STIRTTISTICS:

High Number	- - - - -	8462
Low Number	- - - - -	4739
Received	- - - - -	59
Transferred In	- - - - -	32
Transferred Out	- - - - -	2
Discharged	- - - - -	10
Paroled	- - - - -	0
Escapes	- - - - -	2
Population	- - - - -	481

Let us not quarrel with those who contend that a man who comes to prison is, to some degree, less than a well-adjusted person. Let us also agree that to reclaim this man as an acceptable member of Canadian society it will be necessary to provide him with opportunities for positive experience, training and self-discipline on the physical mental, and emotional levels. Nor should we protest the claim that to "round out" this man requires expanding and balancing his knowledge and attitudes.

But, that is not enough. There is something missing. There is failure to take into account the nucleus around which each person's life radiates. This center, which brings all other phases of a man's activities into focus, is the spiritual—the most neglected segment of the prison treatment program.

This is one part of individual experience which could enable the prisoner to maintain and nurture contact with the concept of individual freedom and its accompanying responsibilities. Both the need and potential results need to be examined.

Dr. Karl Menninger, the eminent psychiatrist, has said that the failure of the present penal system is known to the law enforcement people, to the prisoners, to psychiatrists, and to sociologists. Ideas for new approaches to this problem, he said, should now come from the prisoners themselves.

The views expressed here have not been hastily conceived. They are the distillation of some twenty years of imprisonment—beginning in 1925—in five different penitentiaries. They are the consolidated moanings of several hundred prisoners—mostly "First Timers"—who have been befriended during those years.

Between 1925 and 1960 most prison-

ers have switched from the "treat 'em rough" philosophy to a paradoxical policy referred to as rehabilitative or "curative." This sounds good but in practice seems to intensify conflicts because statistics suggest that the rate of actual rehabilitation achieved may be even lower today than it was thirty-five years ago. Observations of this new policy point to the fact that "cure" and "punishment" cannot be poured from the same bottle unless the patient has first been supplied with a reservoir of spiritual strength.

In the confines of prison, conditions are favorable for discovery, possession, and practice of reliance on inner resources. In fact there is a persistent need for a vital spiritual experience especially for the "First Timer."

The man entering prison for the first time is in a unique position. He has been stripped completely of all those associations and activities with which the average citizen usually clothes himself. He must cast about for something which at least has the appearance of enough solidity in which to wrap his nakedness. Not yet having recovered from the humiliation of the criminal court procedure—a debasing experience with no counterpart in Canadian life—the prisoner is literally in the depths of the "slough of despond." Whether he reveals it outwardly or not, he is mentally, emotionally, and physically disorganized; and, in most cases, usually unaware of the one force which could give him both strength and protection.

He undergoes a mental and emotional catharsis. His system seems to call out for something to fill the void within. He seeks, blindly, a point of inner stabilization around which he can shape a new dwelling place. He searches for something strong enough and warm enough

to energize him for a fruitful place in the world. Generally, he is ready to embrace a new dimension in life; to accept the challenge of a sincerely interested plan for living. Only the majestic simplicity and coalescing depth of an inner spiritual contact can release him from rebellion against constriction and open the well of compassion. Only through such a contact can he find the courage and strength to avoid the confusion and

protective influx of spiritual stimulation is contacted, this searching prisoner must eventually do as others have done before him: arm himself with the weapon of cynical distrust.

If rehabilitation or reclamation of prisoners is to become a demonstrable fact, it would seem necessary to begin with the established axiom that lives are not changed from the outside inward but from the vital center of the person's

**Religion is the reaction of human nature
to it's search for God . . .**

**The death of religion comes with repression
of the high hope of adventure.**

Alfred North Whitehead

THE MISSING



by dick moon

deterioration which result from acceptance of the customary way of life in the average prison community; pretence of conformity.

This State of searching and readiness to receive does not last indefinitely. It is a temporary condition, during which the prisoner is abnormally vulnerable to those buffetings of personality which are more concentrated in prison than anywhere else. Unless the penetrating,

being outward. The contemplative observer can hardly keep from asking why the potency of the spiritual experience, for producing a balanced, full dimensional person for return to society, is so consistently passed over in establishing treatment programs for prisoners.

Most prisoners today have what they call "Religious Programs" but these usually seem to be ambiguous attachments rather than incorporated parts of

NEWS

BRIEFS

Don Hambleton

This is the season of the year when Crooners are dreaming of a "White Christmas" and the store owners are counting on a "Green" one. So before the Christmas Spirit passes out, a brief run-down of the happenings locally.

Sept. 2nd. The Native Brotherhood observed their second anniversary today. A Buffet Lunch was served and speakers from the outside as well as the inside were heard. Fourteen guest speakers mounted the platform and all of them expressed praise and admiration for the group. Among them were Warden F.S. Harris, Deputy Warden H.J. Wickey, former prison Chaplain Rev. G. McNeill, B.A., D.D. and two Winnipeg Lawyers, A. Pilituk and J. Chapman.

Oct. 13th The Commissioner of Penitentiaries, Allen J. McLeod met this afternoon with the inmate body. After speaking on the new Remissions act and about the new regulations, he answered questions and listened to the

a master plan. Frequently the services are superficial, mediocre or lacking in sincerity. Almost always the emphasis is on generalities and sectarian beliefs not specifics. As one man summed it up, "These so-called religious programs fail completely to either serve or save. First timers, while in the searching stage, attend scheduled religious services but sooner or later they join the crowd that stays away. They are looking for warmth and find nothing but refrigeration."

Chaplains generally are held in questionable esteem by most prisoners; not because their presence is resented, but because of lack of rapport. Rare indeed in prison can there be found a devout, humble, understanding man who pours out to the hungry inmate the solace and inspiration of spiritual knowledge. The outer symbols are present, but the warming, healing, inspiring flame seldom burns in prison chapels.

Blame for these conditions, we must

admit, cannot be laid entirely upon the shoulders of the chaplains themselves. They are hampered by constrictions, limitations and definitions of custodial regulations. Their offices are usually so burdened with tedious details, responsibilities and assigned duties that there is little time, and probably little strength, left for spiritual counseling. This circumstance, however, in no way relieves prisoners' needs and desires for direction toward the source of inner fortitude.

Helping the members of a prison community to unlock the doors which lead to spiritual resources must be a program of dealing with individuals. It is unadaptable to mass treatment. Possibly, it should not even be considered as related to a chaplain's department. But, where else would you look? Psychologists, psychiatrists, and medical practitioners generally do not delve into this field. True, there are instances where members of these professions have ad-

problems that were put before him. He listened attentively and promised to see what could be done about them. This was his second visit of this kind to this institution.

Oct. 19th. The Canadian Industrial Editors Assoc. held a workshop at the Marlborough Hotel in Winnipeg. Conducting it was Dr. Seigfried, Professor Emeritus of Journalism at Harvard University. Because of the kindness and thoughtfulness of several people, I was privileged to attend it.

Dr. M.E. McGuire, Editor of the Winnipeg General Hospital's staff publication, Generator, first tendered the invitation. Warden F.S. Harris got in touch with the Commissioner, A. J. McLeod, who gave official permission and Asst. Warden S. Scrutton, (A&A), kindly consented to accompany me. To all these people I can only say "Thanks." I hope I will have the privilege of attending one of these meetings again in the future.

Nov. 5th. The Madison Boxing and Wrestling Club presented a card here this afternoon. Three Wrestling bouts (one a Tag Match) plus a five round Boxing match.

In the Boxing, Manitoba's Middleweight Champion, Earl Swazzie, lost to Willie Beaton. Wrestler Joe Sawtas lost to Lorne Corlette, Bob Tuck took Bill Antonation and in the Tag Match Bobo Brown and Wild Bill Kochen triumphed over Lloyd Antonation and his partner Stan Myatachwich.

This card was arranged by Al Tummons and Rugged Bobo Brown. To them and to all the participants *Thanks* for an entertaining afternoon.

mitted that only the plus factor of the spiritual force working in their patients have made treatment effective—but they still seem to prefer to work with minds and bodies. Programs for education, vocational training, sports, and recreation are little more than tranquilizers which do nothing to focus the frantic searching for stability, unless they can build on a foundation of spiritual awareness.

Nevertheless, in the face of the known failure, as stated by Dr. Menninger, it would seem that every possible avenue for reversing the failing trend should be explored. The potency of the spiritual awakening as a source of regeneration for prisoners—especially First Timers—is one challenge that might change the entire prison picture for the good of all concerned.

Such an approach would, of course, have to be regarded as of top importance by the entire staff of an institu-

tion. It would require humble and understanding leaders and devout counselors. It could not be conceived as a church project lest it prove again the truth of Shakespeare's comment, "O gentle pulpiteer! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal!" It should instead commit awakened and devout men to the business of bringing whole, confident men out of prison and into the world—fulfilling the intent of the Biblical statement, "I was in prison and ye visited me." The rewards could well be worth the efforts.

These years of close, interested association with first time prisoners leads to this one conclusion: When the theory of penology is reversed to the point where its effectiveness is measured by the quality and stability of the product it turns back to society, vigorous, spiritual aid centers will surely be essential parts of the restorative process.

MRS. HAROLD'S PAROLE

lloyd nicholas



A penitentiary is a strange world where the incredible is commonplace, for it is a world of people—people from every level of society. They come from the streets and the farms, from hovels and mansions; no calling escapes representation here; no, not even the law, nor the Church.

At first glance you would not be likely to see anything beautiful here. You would not expect beauty and most of the time you would find none, but now and then there appears in our midst a priceless page of life's drama. We read, and we are humbled by the magnanimity of the human spirit.

A few days ago—just before Christmas—a woman called at the prison gates. It was the last time she would hear those massive portals clang shut, the last time, for her long vigil was over. Harold was free.

As this quiet couple passed through the gates, surely the birds sang more sweetly; surely the wind was gentle against their faces, and Christmas had a meaning.

No one can say what their thoughts were as they passed the visiting cage for the last time, but perhaps they thought of the time when. . .

She sat opposite to him, talking to him through the screen. Her eyes were clear, and she was young and beautiful. Harold was young too. He was tough, and as he looked at her he realized for the first time that it would be her who would feel the real pain of his fifteen year sentence. Pain is easier to bear when you know you have to bear it.

"I'll never give up, Harold; I'll wait for you." We know she said that, because many times down through the years Harold repeated her words again and again.

Perhaps as they passed along the street together they remembered the long trial.

Somewhere, someone wasn't satisfied. The law had not been levied to the fullest extent. The law makes no provision for the tears of broken hearted women; she could do nothing; Harold was taken away for a new trial. When he came back he carried a life sentence.

Somehow, that first, bitterest of all years went by, with Harold reading in her letters, and in her eyes when she visited him, those same simple words of faith: I will wait.

After each visit during the first year the wiseacres would have their usual joke. "Who but a damned fool would expect a woman that good-looking to waste her life waiting for something that would never come? Any day now..." Even Harold would laugh sometimes, bitterly. He didn't really expect her to wait; all he could do was hope: and she was hope.

Two years... three... five... and still the letters came regularly, like the beating of a sound heart. She had come to spend the allotted half-hour per month with her husband without fail.

Time: a precious thirty-minute twinkling to spend with her, talking hurriedly through a screen, from cage to cage like monkeys. Time... when a half hour was eternity... back and fourth in a rathole of a cell until he would slump into a heap on his bunk, to sit staring at a spot on the cement floor, tracing circles around it with his toe. Time!!! when the old mad maestro of K.P. would rattle the windows and send his icy voice moaning o'er the roof tops, while the shadows danced like fiends of Hell, and the groping fingers of dawn touched velvet gloves with the pummel-

ling brass knuckles of the prison day. Time!!! when he hated the guts of near everything on God's green earth.

Eight years, and the time came when Harold didn't hate anything or anyone any more. It is difficult and miserable to hate when one's very existence is for love's sake. No one laughed at Harold any longer, and his wife became a legend. Her name was spoken reverently around the prison shops: "She never misses a visit—They don't make women like that nowadays—Yeah, she's one in a million you bet!"

Ten years, and she had moved to a town nearby and had taken a job there. Little streaks of silver shone in her hair now, but her eyes never lost their sparkle, and you could always tell when she had been there, for Harold reflected the light that she had brought him.

Fifteen years, and she had worn a path to the prison, yet she showed no signs of defeat. Harold drew strength from her boundless courage. Everbody knew her story, and sometimes fellows would speak of her and shake their heads, as if they couldn't believe she was real. Her story began before some of us were born, and has been followed and wondered at, for we have not seen such a fighting heart as hers. We are men of many textures, colours and creeds, and we have seen the thing called courage. It has been paled by this woman whom we call Mrs. Harold.

Twenty-one years and six months, and then it came! The news of Harold's parole spread throughout the prison, and if it is possible to weep without tears, surely many of us did that. We were very happy to see Harold make it, but we all felt that it was Mrs. Harold's parole!!! □

INSIDE TRACK



David McLennan

In opening I feel I should come to the defence of the character who is responsible for the pages entitled 'Beatnick's Rambling' on pages 20 & 21. I am sure you will find that this column will progress over a period of time. The author is presently undergoing a series of shock treatments that will undoubtedly restore his somewhat addled faculties.

I agree that a good tailor and a good barber should go hand-in-hand, but not around the institution.

A Special Merry Christmas to Marguerite, Shirley, Bette, and Al from yours truly.

Ron Duncan, formerly of the Lime Stone City, took up residence here last month. It's begining to look like a "Southern Ontario Old Home Week" around here.

Ray Merasty told a story the other day that I think merits a mention. It seems an old joke has been revised to fit the twentieth century. You will remember how a fellow would say to a friend he might meet on the street:

"Who was the chick I saw you with last night?"

The pal of course would answer:

"That was no chick, that was my wife."

Now-a-days it goes like this:

"Say man who was that cool chick I saw you with last night?"

"That was no chick; it's my brother, he's got a problem."

Phil Boily says: "It ain't because of the cold that I'm staying in nights, it's the FALL OUT, man. Too much of that fall out.... cut your self shaving, and whammo, you bleed to death.

Rather than belabor my avid readers with the mutterings of Jack Conway, poet laureate of Stony Mountain, I have decided that a verse from the Prisoner of Chillon would be much more suitable.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

George Gordon, Lord Byron.

It might be months, or years, or days—

I kept no count, I took no note—

I had no hope my eyes to raise,

And clear them of their dreary mote;

At last men came to set me free;

I asked not why, and recked not where:

It was at length the same to me,

Fettered or fetterless to be,

I learned to love despair.

And thus when they appeared at last,

And all my bonds aside were cast,

These heavy walls to me had grown

A hermitage—and all my own!

And half I felt as they were come

To tear me from a second home:

With spiders I had friendship made,

And watched them in their sullen trade,

Had seen the mice by moonlight play,

And why should I feel less than they?

We were all inmates of one place,

And I, the monarch of each race,

Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!

In quiet we had learned to dwell;

My very chains and I grew friends,

So much a long communion tends

To make us what we are:—even I

Regained my freedom with a sigh.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL

A Christmas Message

In keeping with the spirit of Christmas, the officers join me in extending to all the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary, our very best wishes for a Merry Christmas and may the New Year bring fulfillment of your most cherished hopes.

I also wish to express my appreciation for the spirit of cooperation that has prevailed during this my first year as warden of Manitoba Penitentiary.

The Editorial staff of the Mountain Echoes and those other inmates who have contributed to its success are to be especially commended.

Warden F. S. Harris

'A CHILD IS BORN TO US'

Issias 9:6

Years ago in a Western mining camp a baby was born. His mother, the only woman in the place, died soon after the child's birth. To a man the miners decided to keep the child and take care of it as best they could.

The little one was lying in an old box wrapped in rags torn from old clothes. One of the miners rode eighty miles on a mule to Sacramento, California, and bought a complete set of baby clothes and a beautiful rosewood cradle.

The clean snow-white cradle was too much of a contrast to the dirty floors and grimy walls of the mining cabin. The men scrubbed and papered and whitewashed the place. On sunny days they took the infant outdoors for a nap in the air and sun. Dirt and debris were all around. These the men removed, planting shrubs and flowers in their stead.

With the house and the grounds neat and clean, the men began to clean themselves. When they came in from work they changed their clothes, washed and shaved. They even purchased a few mirrors for the place, something unthinkable before that baby came.

As they did not want to disturb the baby, they made a rule against unnecessary noise. They quit yelling and shouting. They also quit cursing and swearing. In no time Roaring Camp, as it had been called, was changed into a clean, courteous, kindly camp—by the influence of a baby.

The Baby of Bethlehem has had a similar influence, not just upon a mining camp, but upon the whole world. His coming has made the world cleaner and brighter, has made our hearts more gentle and kindly.

H.J. Bedford R.C. Chaplain

Happy New Year

Christmas morning, 1960. I stepped rather groggily from my drum on "M" block, and headed for my morning coffee. As I passed the cell owned by one Blarney Stone, I heard the sounds of a person being violently sick. "What's the matter Blarney?" I cracked. "Can't you shake it no more?"

"You've just about got that right!" groaned Blarney, "them nit-wits hollered and sung and generally raised hell until six this morning. I didn't get no sleep, and now my guts is on the blink."

"Well, you ain't seen nothin' yet," I shot back at him, "Wait 'til New Years Eve!" As I walked away, I heard him mutter; "There's got to be a way I can stop them. There must be!"

Well, to make a long story short, M block was fairly normal up until midnight when the con in the radio room crowed "Happy New Year!" or some dumb thing, and with that, bedlam broke loose. The two top tiers of M block house mostly young married guys in their early twenties; and the Elvis's and Little Richards among them picked up their guitars and cut loose at full lung capacity. The French cons were giving out with Alouette and other unfamiliar ditties; those possessing record players turned them up full blast; others pounded their cell cots on the floor, or banged on cans, and all this combined produced an overwhelming cataract of sound.

by christy brown

Huh! I said to myself; Impossible! Making noise on Christmas and New Years Eve is something that's done in all Canadian penitentiaries. Nothing can stop it: Warden's court, the hole, loss of privileges; all have been tried at one time or another, but nothing has changed. The cons still whoop it up.

By Tuesday the prison routine was back to normal, and on Wednesday Blarney came up to me and said that he had figured a way to dummy up the entire block on New Years Eve. I could just imagine Blarney trying to punch out one hundred and two guys, and I laughed right in his face; but he assured me that he could do it, and some of the humor left the situation, because Blarney is known to have pulled off some pretty rugged plays: maybe he could even... Naw! Hell No! Can't be done.

If Blarney can stop this racket, he's a genius I thought to myself. I think it was about 5 after 12 when I first heard him singing. It was faint, but gradually he could be heard clearer. The Rock 'n Rollers quietened down to hear what the unknown vocalist was singing, the can pounders hesitated, hoping to pick up the rythm of the new song; those shouting paused, and in that pause comparable to the stillness in the eye of a hurricane, old Blarney could be heard loud and clear singing a very familiar tune.

By the time he had sung the song through twice, you could have heard a mouse spit on cotton.

Well, that's the story, and you know, I don't think I've ever heard "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," sung better.

Gilbert and Sullivan once summed up the traditional concept of penal correction in a famous line in *The Mikado* which demanded that "the punishment fit the crime."

Today, I am happy to say, we are engaged in the development of a new concept — one which requires that *the punishment fit the criminal*.

And, on the basis of this new thinking, Canada is embarking on the biggest program of penal reform in her history.

It is a program of such far-reaching proportions that its full effects may not be realized for another 10 or 15 years. But when the plans have reached maturity, I know that Canada will be second to none in the field of correctional reform.

by Hon. Davie Fulton

a NEW DEAL

... We have already made a very promising start.

We have built prisons without walls and placed in them inmates who have an honest desire to be rehabilitated.

We have instituted — experimentally — a program of pre-release, and given prisoners nearing their discharge date the opportunity to accustom themselves to the outside world by going out in the daytime and returning to the prison at night.

We have extended our parole system to grant longer paroles and more of them.

But that is just a beginning.

Our Correctional Planning Committee has been at work on a blueprint designed to give the picture of Canadian penitentiaries and reform schemes an entirely new perspective.

For one thing, the old type of fortress

prison with a huge inmate population is, I am glad to say, fast disappearing.

It is only a matter of time before the great stone penitentiaries at St. Vincent de Paul, near Montreal, and Kingston, are used for only the most dangerous and hardened offenders.

I, for one, earnestly hope that Canada never again has to build a prison like these.

New prisons will be functional and constructed with a view to handling specific types of criminals. First-offenders will be separated.

Drug addicts will have their own centers for treatment.

An incentive system will allow inmates to progress from maximum-security institutions to those where there

is more freedom. Our aim is for them to have a successful graduation from a prison to a civilian life.

For good-risk inmates, there will be public works and farm camps. These will be for small groups who will clear land, build trails in our national parks and work the farmlands. They will live in camps away from the maximum-security prisons, as we know them.

... Maximum-security penitentiaries such as St. Vincent de Paul house as many as 1200 men and sometimes more. New ones will be limited to a maximum of 500.

Medium-security institutions will accommodate not more than 400 inmates and minimum-security centers not more than 125. Work camps will be even smaller and have limited enrollments of between 75 and 89 men.

We have our critics. We have the

people who say that we're too soft with our prisoners. There are also law-abiding citizens who accuse us of mollycoddling them.

To them I say this:

We're not going to build luxury hotels where the men are sent to have a good time.

The inmates will have adequate meals and beds. But there will be hard work and discipline at all times.

But to those critics I would also say that the whole emphasis of these programs will be to prepare the prisoner's mind for a better life outside after his debt is paid.

These developments are not going to happen overnight.

We will need a better classification

for criminals

system to decide the type of detention and training that each man requires. Then, of course, adequate treatment and training for the outside world will mean that additional scientific staff will be needed.

... It was not so long ago that all penitentiaries were the same — walled fortresses into which men disappeared to exist, sometimes under appalling conditions, until society once more turned them loose upon itself.

Prisons were looked upon as cages to keep offenders away from the community for as long as possible. They did nothing to reform the criminal. The individual, his problems and the reasons for his crime were of no importance. All that mattered was the length of time that he was to be deprived of his liberty.

The system was harsh and cruel. It sent back to society worse criminals

than it admitted. It delayed a solution of the problem but did nothing to cure it.

Today's approach could not be more different. True, because society must be protected, a prison is a place of detention. Because wilful crime is a social evil, the prison is and must be a place of punishment. But our purpose is not to delay. It is to cure. It is to reform and rehabilitate the offender so that he may return permanently as a self-respecting, self-sufficient, contributing member of society.

The surroundings in which an inmate serves his sentence have a profound psychological effect upon his attitudes and his reaction to imprisonment.

An inmate who is constantly sur-

(Weekend Magazine)

rounded by high walls, steel barriers and the other obvious signs of physical restraint is apt to react in the same way as a caged animal.

More and more our main concern will not be with offenders as a whole, as in the days of old, but with the individual offender. *One cannot reform a mass; only an individual can be reformed.*

Therefore, it is upon the individual that we will concentrate our major efforts. Since all people are different, they require different treatment, and it is our aim that each offender should be studied to find out his needs and that he be treated accordingly.

Efforts to reform an offender, of course, are useless if the man returns to the outside world unable to cope with his problems. Therefore, rehabilitation becomes a matter of the greatest importance. (continued on page 18)

: Noel :

by ralph danton

Night, black-limbed and sultry-eyed, stretches her bloated belly across the bright face of the city . . .

.....

This is WINNIPEG, man, and it's the night before Christmas,
and it's snowing,
and blowing,
and the temperature is down to a beer bottle low.

This is the night, man! *The night!* Night of pot-bellied laughter and white-whiskered joviality.

This is a . . . well, queer night; a hearts-full-of-cheer night;
a gay, giddy—once-a-year night.

The ripe edge of Christmas.

Streets are alive tonight, and the sidewalks writhe tonight
with the Tomorrow faces. The *faceless* faces. The Christmas faces.

Lipstick'd and mascara'd;
talcum powdered and cologned.

These are the reeling-by faces; the "feeling-high" faces; the glad faces,
the sad faces, the old faces, the bold faces, cruel faces, fool faces, *Yule* faces.

Flowing by in a turgid stream.

Christmas Eve:

*and a crowded, snow-shrouded slash of pavement called Portage
Avenue stirs tonight,
and purrs tonight,
and flexes neon-splashed thighs in Jingle-belled anticipation.*

"Paper, Mister? Paper, Sir?"

Newspapers mitten-clutched; windbreaker'd and snotty-nosed;
quivering,
shivering—

huddled in the sick glare of a decorated lamp post.

"Paper, Mister?

Paper, Sir?"

Fragile and thin sounding;
lost-in-the-din sounding; cripple-voiced
and 'Gee-but-it's-cold' sounding.

And across the street . . .

Hark, the herald angel sings—

The wind claws, clutches—clings.

Christmas Eve: And the city throbs.

Listen ! . . You can *hear* it.

Jingle Bells . . . Jingle Bells . . .

"Hey, Charlie! Well Merry Chris . . ."

" . . same to you Fred. Say how about . . ."

"Mary, dear! It's so nice to . . ."

Light sounding,

merry and bright sounding,

and just-a-little-bit-tight sounding.

MERRY CHRISTMAS. Merry Christmas. merry . . .

Echoing in the mercury-dabbed air.

"Paper, Mister? Paper, Sir?"

. . . four . . five . . six . . seven . . .

Just seven newspapers more, just seven nickels more

before the Christmas warmth,

and the Christmas candle for ma,

and the gift-wrapped pack of razor blades for pa.

Just seven more—before

HOME:

Wall-closet cramped and "heated" by a quarter

Cabbage Soup,

and the damp drip-drip of pa's fresh-scrubbed

combination underwear stretched wet on the line above the corner bed.

Home: To the Christmas candle,

and the sour-sick smell of diaper'd *Pablum*.

Be it ever so humble . . . so humble . . .

Sounds ricochet off the snow-caked corner and gouge at the Yule-steeped senses.

JINGLE BELLS . . . Jingle Bells . . .

Echoing in the mercury-stabbed air.

"Paper, Mister? Paper, Sir?"

Newspapers mitten-clutched; windbreaker'd and snotty-nosed;

quivering,

shivering.

*The wind lurches drunkenly around the corner and claws raggedly at
the Tomorrow faces.*

"Pa . . . paper, Mister?"

Pa . . . paper, Sir?"

MAY AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT . . . FORGOT . . . forgot . .

This is Winnipeg, man, and it's the night before Christmas,

and it's snowing,

and blowing,

and snowing . . .



L A S T

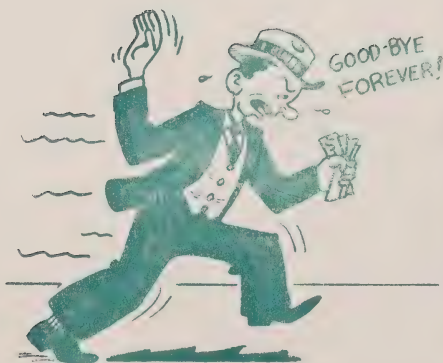


7:15 the breakfast bell

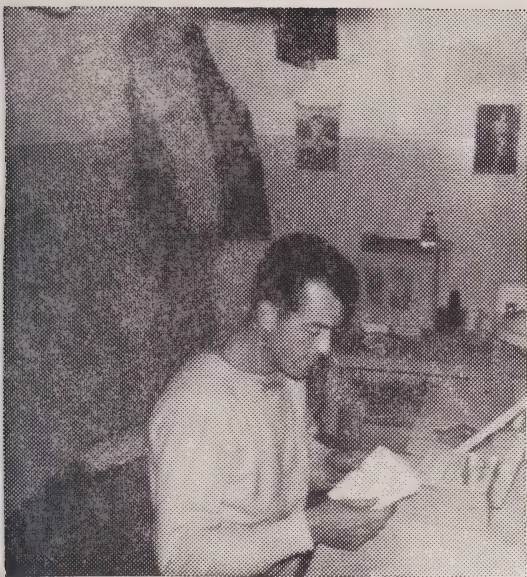
. and suddenly it's over. Eternity has slipped by; the measured in minutes. One by one the next twenty-four hours will grets of the past and the anxieties of the future will be laid aside of the 'last day'.

This pictorial is a view of the 'last day in prison'. It never of proportion as the day drags by; the last hours in a cell are a thoo and suddenly it's over!

D A Y



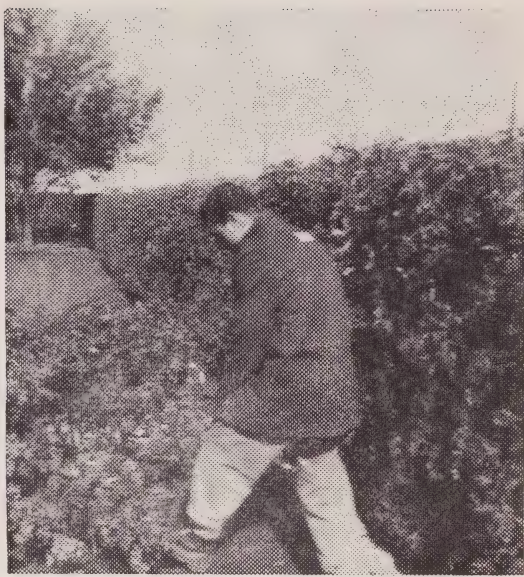
last minute alterations



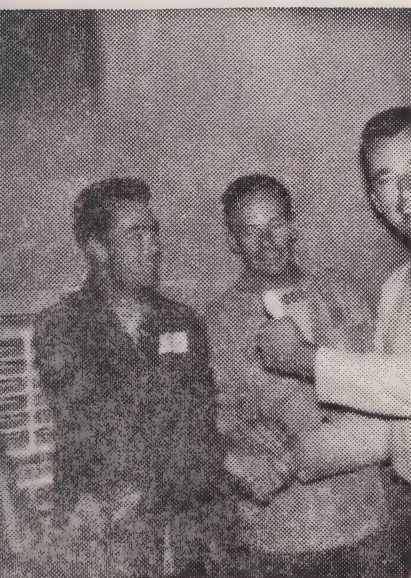
sifting through old letters

ates of freedom can now be
pass and in that time the re-
the more exhilarating spirit

aries. The hours expand out
nd years; the sun comes up,



last morning on the job



9:25 final goodbys . . .



*. . . then back to the cell to complete
the long,*

LAST DAY

INMATE EDUCATION



by David McLennan



*Education is the only interest worthy
of the deep, controlling anxiety of the
thoughtful man.*

Wendell Phillips:

It is here that our new parole system has its principle role.

The major purpose of parole is to prepare an offender for his renewed membership in society. I might add that it is also an additional protection for society, for experience has shown that the public is better protected with a parole system in operation than without one.

There is no doubt that an inmate thinks of reforming when he realizes that this is one of the conditions on which he is granted a parole. When parole is given, it is because there is a reasonable chance that he will reform.

For the Canadian who is concerned about where and how his tax dollar is being spent, parole makes good economic sense, too.

It costs \$2,500 a year to keep a man in prison.

But this is only a beginning.

When a man is in prison, his family often needs to be cared for. This may amount to \$1,800 a year.

Thus, frequently enough, a man in prison accounts for an expenditure of public funds amounting to \$4,300 a year. And this does not take into consideration the loss of his productivity in society.

Against these figures, consider that it probably costs less than \$200 a year to keep a man on parole.

On this basis, it can be estimated that **22 men can be kept on parole for what it costs to keep one behind bars.**

Generalizations are sometimes dangerous, but it seems to me that if the basic purpose of our system is to reform and rehabilitate, then there is no point in keeping men in prison longer than it takes to attain this end.

From early morning until late night the lights in the prison school-rooms burn brightly. The thirst for education ranges from simple arithmetic to aeronautics. The youth and the older study side by side to enable themselves to face society better equipped.

Under the guidance of Mr. J.D. Weir, Supervisor of Education and Mr. A. Shirliffe, Teacher, academic classes begin at eight in the morning and continue through to four in the afternoon. The evenings are divided among the various other classes, such as: the first aid course sponsored by the St. Johns Ambulance; Dale Carnegie; Great Books Club sponsored by Mr. B. Thorgimson, Librarian; and other classes on salesmanship, educational films, and religious discussion groups.

Participation by the inmate is extraordinary. Numerous men are waiting for a vacancy in the somewhat small, crowded classrooms. For those who are unable to attend classes, correspondence courses are available through the Department of Veteran's affairs and Provincial Departments of Education, as well as two or three universities.

Inmates with outstanding academic qualifications assist the teachers wherever possible. A Canadian lawyer (who fell from grace) teaches a class algebra, geometry and trigonometry; a group of Dale Carnegie graduates teach another class "How to win friends and influence people."

... yesterday, today and tomorrow, the candle of education burns brightly in Stony Mountain.

Until the establishment of the National Parole Board in January, 1959, there was what we called a ticket-of-leave plan, under which a man was usually expected to serve half his sentence before an application for conditional freedom could be considered.

With the board in operation, it is possible to consider a parole after only one-third of the sentence has been served. This, of course, is a system in which due consideration is given the individual. In some cases, I would say that the first few months, or even the first year, may be considered a beneficial period of punishment. After that, there may not be much punitive value.

For purposes of flexibility, I like to think that the board can consider parole at any time for anyone who is considered to be sufficiently reformed and adjusted, and to have become a good security risk.

I want to emphasize that parole does not mean altering the length of sentence imposed by the courts. It simply means that part of that sentence is served outside the prison. That is allowed only if the man has shown, while inside, a desire and an ability to reform.

Then he is encouraged and assisted by being allowed to serve the balance of his term in society as a useful citizen, under supervision. Backsliders, who do not live up to the conditions of their parole, are sent back in, where they are liable to serve the balance of their sentence.

There is a natural concern over how successful the new parole system can be. It is, of course, really too early to decide. However, in 1959, only slightly more than six per cent of those who were released on parole had their freedom

(continued on page 28)



BEATNIK'S RAMBLINGS

Phil Boily

Memo to: Gene Telpner of the Winnipeg Free Press; Don't try stealing none of my material or I'll sue. And I have 32 cents in my account to back me. . . Maggoo wears army boots. . . John Browns body lies a moulderin' in the grave. Lets face it, Johnny boy has seen his better days. I saw him wearing shoes one day. Catch? I mean he's been misleading you. Last week he says to me "How bout taking over my column?" I told him that I hate squares. I've even seen him shave. He's letting us down, that's what it is. When I asked him who was them guys on the cover of last months Echoes he said, "why that's the editor and his staff." Man did you ever see so many ugly people in one picture? Who does that Rocky Danton figure he's fooling? Everyone knows he's wearing one of Lindas' wigs. He ain't putting nothin' over on me. And the editor? He's a ??? Like there ain't another one like him around. Everytime I see him he's walking around saying "I got to meet the deadline, I got to meet the deadline." And Christy wants me to work with a bunch of Kooks like that? No wonder he's not the same anymore. Well anyway gentlemen, seeing as you need real talent, I'll accept. . . Just one thing tho. Quit cluttering up the mag with articles by David McLennan. He's started up an anti-beatnik club. Get yourself a rubber band and your in (to be worn on wrist). All squares join clubs (smugly). . . Thanks Terri Griffin for the explanation. We had it better when Burke was boss. Too bad! Too sad! Tell the chop suey champ I said "easy". L.7. . . Abolish Capital Punishment? Don't be silly. Hang 'em. That'll teach 'em. . . We got ourselves a jazz guitarist. Lets hear you Wally Johnson. . . Greetings to Doug D. at P.A. from Ron Till and Willy Van Dell. . . Frisco Fraser, Harry Smallwood says hello. . . Same to Mom, Dad, Bev, Mar, Pete and little Daryl from Butch. . . HUSH! Make sure you see Fergy before betting on any horses. He knows them all. That's the guy who walks around with a sailor cap on. Keep it quiet. . . The editor eats jelly beans (hip?) and smokes

corn silk. Public thanks to Ozark for conceding the high jump to me when it was unnecessary. . . I'm on B-3-9 for anyone who wants to send greetings. . . Hello to John Boychuk at P.A. Let me know how you're making out; that's from Pete Roski. . . P.A. again, this time it's to D. Dodds, J. Tutty, B. Dudar, J. Cismus, B. Norgen, D. Hunt and R. Alex from Pete Roski. . . We've been hearing good records lately. Just about every night in fact. Way to go Larry. . . If Jack McKay reads this. Don't hurry back. . . Welcome Gene Hutch, The Echoes needs you. You know. Like one nut needs another nut. . . The president of the "Despise Carver Shannon Club" will be passing out free cigars next canteen day to celebrate C.S.'s departure from the local football club (hee, hee). . . I was gonna send greetings to Jack Jacklin's wife but he said I'd better not. . . To Gail and Dale from me. . . Same to Allen and Eleanor. . . Love to Rose and the baby, from Henry. . . How is it Moe (Machine-gun) Phillion? . . . And Tom Girdle? . . . The Freedom Fighters of America have approached Marlon Brando and Hana-ogi (Sayonara). They want them to join now and pay later. . . Gerry De T. knows a beatnic dope addict who's hype. Where? That's nice. . . Ron (Moose) Miller sends love to his wife Doreen and baby daughter Barby Jo. Hear Tell Big Mooses' favourite song is "Running Bear". Right. He don't spell "Bear" the way I do. What good books you have! And such pictures already, yet. . . Make sure you catch Roy Petty when he's in town. Chans' Moon Room is the place. . . Lennie Breau is usually swinging at the Stage Door. Take it from me. . . To Marcelle and the kids, that's from Johnny H. . . What's with them paroles? None lately. Maybe J. Alex is saving all those goodies for Xmas 30 day-ers? ? ?

According to Dick Gregory there shouldn't be any race problems because "everybody I meet, some of their best friends are colored Now, lets face it. There's just not that many of us to go around".

SQUARES CORNER—I have special buttons for you this month. They will have witty sayings on them, like. . . I shine shoes. . . Down with the system. . . That's it Nikita, give us hell. . . Rolly Evans is a bum. . . Kiss my library card (I stole that one). . . Marry Xmas. . . Write to me in care of the Echoes (we put people like you in institutions).

The lawyer wrote his client telling him that his appeal was coming up soon, meantime try and escape. . . What a mess that Germanys' in, ever since Elvis left. . . And I don't care who you are! Get those reindeer off my roof. . . To the Staff of the Echoes and everyone, even my mother, **MERRY CHRISTMAS**.

As far back as I can remember my folks have had this thing about pool rooms.

"Where are you off to?"

"Just down the corner..."

"Stay outta that pool hall!"

"Aw Mom..."

"I hear of you being in that pool hall, and..."

Up until I knew better, the pool hall was a sinister place; a place of evil doings a sort of Hell on earth: but now that I'm older I know that such just isn't so, and some of the nicest and most humane acts I've ever seen were either brought off, or conceived in pool halls.

Take our pool room for instance. It was like any other pool room anywhere. Four tables, the usual number of smelly spittoons, the calender art, and painted beauties hanging on the walls, clothed only in their elaborate frames: the coca cola cooler full of everything but coca cola; but I guess our pool room was a bit different, because we had Junius.

Junius was a 33 year old mentally retarded hunchback, and coupled with this infirmity, he was also crippled; his entire right side was paralyzed — but as sometimes happens he was extremely adept at one thing, and that was racking the pool balls. We used to marvel at the speed with which he could rack and spot those 15 red snooker balls.

He lived with his mother not far from the pool room, and unlike the rest of us in the neighborhood, they weren't poor — they were broke.

It was pretty close to Christmas when Junius came up to us and asked if there were any errands we wanted run, because, as he put it, "That holiday is coming close and if he could get enough money he wanted to buy a turkey for his mom — they had never before had turkey for Christmas (or any other oc-

THE



WISE GUYS

by christy brown

casion) and, well, he'd like to surprise his mom..."

Well.... to make a long story short, three of us promptly went out and stole a big 14 lb. turkey and sent Junius home a most happy fellow. And then we got to thinking... What the heck! We may as well go all the way and make this Christmas one Christmas that Junius would never forget. So we got all the fellows together and pledged everyone to bring to the pool room on Christmas Eve, a NEW gift wrapped present for Junius.

So on Christmas eve, everyone met at the pool room with their gifts. The pool balls had been put away, the smelly spittoons, hidden out back, and the floor was swept clean. I was one of the last to arrive with a gift wrapped scarf, (which was actually my usual Christmas present from my Aunt) and when I walked into the crowded pool room I was surprised, for banked high with gifts on the second table sat a gaily decorated evergreen tree complete with lights. But Junius was not in sight. The secret had been so well kept that the guest of honor hadn't been invited.

But he was soon brought over from his house, and if I live to be a thousand, I will never forget the look on his face as he was led through that crowded pool

room to the table completely covered with Christmas presents, and as the guys began to sing, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," tears began to dribble down his cheeks and drip off his chin to the well swept floor.

Then, while all of us were standing there looking at the floor — the ceiling — anywhere but at Junius — the door suddenly opened and in walked the two city detectives who normally were the terror of the district. Without a word, they walked over to the gift laden table and pulled out gift wrapped packages from their pockets, and added them to the pile, shook hands with Junius, and left as suddenly as they had arrived.

We stuck around for a while, singing carols and acting like a bunch of kids, oo-ing and ah-ing as Junius slowly and carefully unwrapped each gift. Well, that's the story, and the odd part about it was that ordinarily us guys around the corner are pretty callous and unfeeling, and I guess at any other time of the year you wouldn't catch any of us giving grass to a horse in a concrete pasture.

But if I never see it again, that was one Christmas when I saw "Peace On Earth, Goodwill Toward Men" actually demonstrated.

+

RESUME

Razors pain you;
Rivers are damp;
Acid stains you;
And drugs cause cramp.
Guns aren't lawful;
Nooses give;
Gas smells awful;
You might as well live.

—dorothy parker

SPORTS



Joe Hayden

FINAL STANDINGS

<i>Team</i>	<i>G.P.</i>	<i>W.</i>	<i>L.</i>	<i>T.</i>	<i>Pts.</i>
<i>Rebels</i>	10	7	2	1	15
<i>Colts</i>	10	5	4	1	11
<i>Rams</i>	10	4	6	0	8
<i>Longhorns</i>	10	3	7	0	6

LEADING SCORERS

<i>Player</i>	<i>Team</i>	<i>T.D.</i>	<i>C.</i>	<i>R.</i>	<i>T.P.</i>
<i>Fowler</i>	<i>Longhorns</i>	9	2	3	59
<i>Cadotte</i>	<i>Colts</i>	9	3	1	58
<i>Huppe</i>	<i>Longhorns</i>	9	1	0	55
<i>Lombaert</i>	<i>Rebels</i>	8	3	1	52
<i>Hayden</i>	<i>Rebels</i>	6	5	6	47

REBELS—the terrors of the local gridiron this season and pennant victors by a comfortable 4 point margin—really poured on the coals in the playoffs, exploding for 4 consecutive victories in as many playoff games to nail down the 1961 edition of the STONE BOWL—the mythical hunk of concrete emblematic of football supremacy here in the Mountain Conference.

The Rebel squad compiled an impressive 7-2-1 record in the pennant drive and all but handed Coach Hank Wercimaga the flag on a platter. Acquisition of the elusive Stone Bowl merely served, as it were, added “dessert”.

Colts, under the tutorship of Dale Leibrecht (followed by Mike Fika), collared the runner-up position; a scant three points ahead of Jack Stewart’s Rams who, in turn, managed to steer clear of the league basement by a slim 2 point margin over Big Monty’s Longhorns.

Jackie Fowler, the Longhorn speedster, copped the individual scoring title. Jackie racked up 59 scoring points in ten games and proved a major cog in the sometime well oiled Longhorn machine.

Summary of play-offs (Two game total point semi-final.)

Rebels 44 Rams 14

Rebels: Wercimaga, (coach); Danton, RE; Mixner, RT; Miller, C; Kegall, LT; Lombaert, LE; Hayden, QB (capt.); Knobby, HB; Balharry, HB; Roulette, FB; Doomernik and Wannop.

Rams: Stewart, (coach); Hutchinson, RE; Windsor, RT; Ducharme, C; Klyne, LT; Ibey, LE; Roski, QB (capt.); McGee, HB; Hales, HB; Whiteley, FB; B. McDonald, McManus and Boyd.

- | | |
|-----------------------|--|
| First Quarter | 1. Rams, single (Roski) |
| | 2. Rebels, touchdown (Hayden to Lombaert) |
| | 3. Rams, single (Whiteley) |
| Second Quarter | 4. Rams, touchdown (McGee interception) |
| | 5. Rebels, touchdown (Hayden to Miller) |
| | 6. Rebels, touchdown (Hayden to Miller) |
| Third Quarter | 7. Rebels, touchdown (Hayden to Lombaert) |
| | 8. Rebels, touchdown (Hayden to Lombaert) |
| | 9. Rebels, single (Hayden) |
| Fourth Quarter | 10. Rebels, touchdown (Hayden) |
| | 11. Rebels, convert (Hayden to Lombaert) |
| | 12. Rebels, touchdown (Hayden to Lombaert) |
| | 13. Rams, touchdown (Roski to Whiteley) |

Rebels 20 Rams 0

- | | |
|-----------------------|---|
| First Quarter | 1. Rebels, touchdown (Hayden to Danton) |
| Second Quarter | 2. Rebels, touchdown (Hayden to Danton) |
| Third Quarter | No scoring. |
| Fourth Quarter | 3. Rebels, touchdown (Hayden) |
| | 4. Rebels, safety touch (Wannop) |

Longhorns: Monty, (coach); Deloli, RE; Ramsey, RT; Sawchuk, C; Cameron, LT; Vandel, LE; Cummings, QB; Fowler, RHB; Huppe, LHB; Marrese, FB, (capt.); Huard, Keachie, Dunstan, Luxton and Mullin.

Colts: Fika, RT, (coach); Cadotte, RE; Blanchard, C; D. McDonald, LT; Umphrey, LE; Desrosier, QB; Sinden, RHB, (capt.); Mitchell, LHB; Leibrecht, FB; Kohnke and Copps.

Colts 19 Longhorns 8

- | | |
|-----------------------|---|
| First Quarter | 1. Colts, touchdown (Desrosier to Cadotte) |
| Second Quarter | 2. Longhorns, touchdown (Cummings to Huppe) |
| | 3. Longhorns, convert (Cummings to Marrese) |
| | 4. Longhorns, single (Cummings) |
| Third Quarter | No scoring. |
| Fourth Quarter | 5. Colts, touchdown (Sinden) |
| | 6. Colts, convert (Sinden) |
| | 7. Colts, touchdown (Umphrey interception) |

Longhorns 27 Colts 7

- | | |
|-----------------------|--|
| First Quarter | 1. Longhorns, single (Cummings) |
| | 2. Longhorns, single (Cummings) |
| | 3. Colts, single (Sinden) |
| Second Quarter | 4. Longhorns, touchdown (Cummings) |
| | 5. Colts, touchdown (Cadotte interception) |
| | 6. Longhorns, single (Cummings) |
| Third Quarter | No Scoring. |
| Fourth Quarter | 7. Longhorns, touchdown (Fowler) |
| | 8. Longhorns, convert (Cummings to Fowler) |

- Over-time**
9. Longhorns, safety touch (Ramsey)
 10. Longhorns, single (Cummings)
 11. Longhorns, single (Marrese)
 12. Longhorns, single (Cummings)
 13. Longhorns, touchdown (Cummings to Fowler)

(Two out of three games final) **Rebels 27 Longhorns 7**

- First Quarter**
1. Longhorns, touchdown (Huard fumble)
 2. Rebels, safety touch (Kegal)
 3. Longhorns, single (Marrese)
- Second Quarter**
4. Rebels, touchdown (Hayden)
 5. Rebels, touchdown (Roulette interception)
 6. Rebels, convert (Hayden to Roulette)
 7. Rebels, touchdown (Hayden to Lombaert)
- Third Quarter**
8. Rebels, touchdown (Hayden)
- Fourth Quarter**
- No scoring.

Rebels 21 Longhorns 6

- First Quarter**
1. Rebels, single (Hayden)
- Second Quarter**
2. Longhorns, touchdown (Cummings to Fowler)
- Third Quarter**
3. Rebels, safety touch (Knobby)
- Fourth Quarter**
4. Rebels, touchdown (Hayden to Lombaert)
 5. Rebels, touchdown (Hayden to Lombaert)
 6. Rebels, touchdown (Hayden to Lombaert)

GRID GAMEBITS—Watching *Ozark* pussy-footing down the side lines is well worth the admission price. . . The Rock, *Danton*, easily the best blocking end in the conference. . . *Les Sinden*, certainly the Colts bread and butter man. . . *Camille Lombaert*, dazzled the opposition and fans alike snaring passes ala *Jackie Parker*. . . *Pete Roski*, a fiery competitor. . . *Jerry Desrosier*, only qb known to line up behind a tackle and expect the snap. . . *Joe Hayden*, envied by opposing qb's due to outstanding pass receivers, coupled with a tough offensive line. . . *Ray "China Slipper" Ramsey*, not as good as his uncle *Normie K*. . . *Ron "Varone" Miller*, a dream fulfilled, played fb half a game scoring two tds. . . *Don "Baldy" Balharry*, only one to run back a kick-off the distance. . . *Jerry Huppe*, hampered by a dislocated wrist. . . *Knobby*, a handy man to have in the backfield. . . ditto *John Roulette*. . . *Al Cummings*, proved tough in the clutch. . . *Bob McDonald*, the only back to show a minus record in rushing department. . . *Jackie Fowler*, blinding speed. . . *Jim Cadotte*, showed a fine pair of hands at times. . . *Ken Ducharme*, a rock on defence. . . *Bill Miexner* and *Kegal*, real two way linemen. . .

Appreciation and thanks to the men in striped shirts for the outstanding job they did in refereeing the games: Larry, Jack Stephens, Stewart, Tony Brown, and Joe Houle. A big vote of thanks also goes out to Bob Barber, our football commissioner. Bob gave yoeman service in all phases of the game and throughout the season handled, we feel, the duties of commissioner extremely well.

AROUND THE COURT

with Cam Lombaert

Basketball has bounded into prominence in Stony Mountain. At this writing the four teams which comprise the league have played at least three games.

Bob McDonald's Celtics, led by dead-eye Joe Hayden, are undefeated in three starts. With their over all balance, they look like a cinch to end up in top spot.

Ken "Gunner" Ducharme's Lakers are batting .500, with two wins and two losses. The big question here is Big Ozark's intentions of retiring, with him in the line-up this team could contend for first place. Without him they will be lucky to finish any higher than third.

Cam Lombaert's Roosters, after dropping their first two encounters have finally hit their stride, winning their last two outings in handy fashion. If sharp shooting Gerald Klyne continues to sink field goals at his present pace, second place is not too lofty a highth for their sights.

Big Mike Pacey's Pacers have yet to emerge victorious in three starts. Team injuries and Mike's inability to last a full game has been their biggest problem, but don't count them out.

Following are the team rosters:

Celtics: McDonald coach; Hayden, Fowler, Doomernik, Pascik and Hutchinson.

Lakers: Ducharme coach; Whiteley, Cadotte, Balharry, Ibey, Primeau, M. Hales and Lavalle.

Roosters: Lombaert coach; Chickaloski, G. Klyne, Rivers, Deloli, Wercimaga and Kohnke.

Pacers: Pacey coach; Desrosier, Larry, Leibrecht, R. Klyne, Hackenschmidt, Snider, Ramsey and G. Hales.

Court Countings: "Batling" Dutchy Doomernik, is up to his old tricks. Opinion has it the tall one is in for a good season. . . Pacey, jumping under the basket like there's no tomorrow. Too bad this "Juvinile Delinquent" fouls out so often. . . If Bobby McDonald doesn't lose too many players to hockey and the street, his team should win all the marbles. . . I predict Joe Hayden will cop the scoring title despite being short . . . Gerald Klyne, has an outside chance though. . .

ALL STARS

The All Stars played their first game of the season Nov. 19; losing a cliff hanger by a 120-107 score. This game which was a thriller, featured a fast break by the Stars against the smoother working Selkirk Totems. Half time score read 45-45. The third quarter saw the teams running neck and neck, however, in the fourth the Totems just could'nt miss, sinking shots from every angle. This fine display of sharp shooting offset the fine play of the Stars. DeGoot and Reid showed the victors the way notching 45 and 35 points respectively. The Stars were led by Joe Hayden with a very respectable 47 points and Camille Lombaert with 28 Les Sinden should be commented for his fine set ups.

This years team consists of: Phil Boily coach; Joe Hayden capt; Cam Lombaert, Les Sinden, G. Klyne, R. Klyne, M. Pacey, K. Ducharme and H. Wercimaga.

forfeited, and returned to prison.

Six persons out of 100 is a highly encouraging proportion, particularly if you consider the situation which has existed for so long in the past, when of approximately 6,000 inmates in our penitentiaries, over 80 per cent were repeaters, or those who had been in prison before.

If we can succeed in cutting that figure even in half, the lives and the money we will save will be reward enough.

The city of Montreal has a situation which is representative of the country as a whole.

Every year, 1,000 men are convicted in the criminal courts of that city and sent to the penitentiary for two years or more. More than one third of them are under 21.

What kind of people are they?

Two hundred of them have never been in trouble with the law before.

Three hundred of them will be sentenced to a penitentiary for the first time. But the remaining 500 will have previously served a term in prison and more than half of these will have served, on some previous occasion, a sentence of two years or more in a federal penitentiary.

It is a fact, and one which we should consider most carefully, that of the 1,000 inmates who go into an institution in a year, 999 will be back in the streets sooner or later.

The old methods of penal thinking have been given ample chance to prove themselves, and have failed. We know, for example, that of the 999 who come out of penitentiaries, at least 400 will be unqualified to become respectable, law abiding citizens.

With the plans that we have already

put in effect and with those that are still in the blueprint stage, we have much brighter prospects ahead of us.

The day will come when Canadians will be able to look back on the history of their penal institutions and see them transformed from backward, almost medieval institutions, to the useful, purposeful establishments they are today.

I don't think that day is so very far away.

I would like to see criminals considered as individuals, each requiring a particular type of discipline and treatment. I would like to see them housed in penitentiaries and in special camps where the discipline and treatment they need can be given them.

Then I would like to see them allowed out under a parole system that guarantees them a maximum amount of after-care supervision, of prime importance when the reformed inmate takes his place once more in society and an important factor in the eventual protection of society from recurring crime.

I might add, too, that I would like employers to consider the rehabilitative aspects of our reformed inmates and give them the opportunity they need to resume normal, productive lives.

If society is to protect itself against criminals, it must make sure that penal servitude is directed toward real reformation of the offender and a real rehabilitation of that person after his sentence.

We must remember that the man who is behind bars today may be sitting next to us at a theatre or a ball game tomorrow. And, in appearance, he will be quite indistinguishable from any other person there.

The

Len Andree

SHOW

John the "Square"

In his first appearance here in a couple of stanzas, **Len Andree** brought in a show on October 22nd., and only one opinion is held here about that show. If it wasn't the best show seen in here *ever* — then it'll just have to do until the real thing comes along.

Charlie Cruickshank's ten piece orchestra was the same type of band that to be seen outside would separate a person from at least a five dollar bill.

A husband-wife vocal and comedy act, reminiscent of the old Beacon Theatre vaudeville days, nearly stole the show. These were **The Rattrey's**, and the applause they earned was applause strictly reserved for professionals.

Uncle Hiram alias **Jack Paget** with his banjo, and his multi-hued patched clothing was a scream. This Gent too deserves the tag — Strictly Pro.

Two M.C's were featured. **Len Andree** and **Marsh Phimister**. To say anything more about these two very well known men, other than to say that they were in splendid form, would be superfluous.

To give the show balance, a top notch magician **Richard Haldane** trotted out a table full of tricks, and his most impressive stunt was finding money on guys who haven't handled any for some time.

The Don Peters Group, consisting of **D.P.**, four guys and a gal, although in awful strong company, weren't outclassed by even a short shot.

Ray St. Germain impersonated nearly every singer in the COW (country, or western 2-u) field, and capped his bit by coming on like that well known *veteran* from 10-ah-c. He had Squirmy down pat, but we were disappointed because he didn't even mention those Blue Suedes.

And then, *And Then* out came **Peggy Neville !!** This chick is *with it!* She's close to it, and she's got an awful lot going for her.... Yeah... *like wow!* I think she sang, but I was too busy looking to hear anything. All kidding aside, the Lady was great, and it's no wonder that she's a big t.v. personality. Among her many encores (we'd have sooner seen our Grandma's come home drunk, than let her off that stage.) she did a duo with her brother-in-law, **Ray St. Germain** and it's no secret to anyone who owns a t.v. set, that these two go together like Beans and Cornbread.

This magnificent show was brought in by **Len Andree**, of **Len Andree's** entertainment agency of Winnipeg, and on the bottom of the agency stationery it says: **"Everything In Entertainment"** and if that ain't a fact.... then eggs ain't poultry.



A composite Salutation embodying all that is sincere in expressions of effection, regard and goodwill, is directed to the following persons:



...To Little Sam and Ann from Big Sam... To Dizzy Hunt from his buddy Vince, see you in '62... From Armand to Lydia, Monique, Doreen, Kenny and Larry, all of the best... Harry the Horse sends greetings to Billy McIsaac at Collins Bay, Ted Ramsay at K.P., and *Bunny* McCulloch at P.A. (me-2 Bunny, Christy)... To Jimmy Wilson in P.A., Dick W. in BCP, and E. Gottselig at K.P., greetings from Ray Bonney... To Mom, Dad and the family, and to Richard Gallent and family, from Terry McGowen... The best to Cathy and Louie C. in Van., from Joe C... A Merry Christmas to Mom, Cookie, Oscar and Helen, hope to see you soon... Jackie sends love, and wishes a Merry Christmas to wife Grace and his three daughters... Frank Perrault sends greetings to Jerry Caissey at BCP... A Christmas greeting to Lloyd, Chad and George in BCP, from Bob Talbot who also sends greetings to Dizzy and Al at P.A... To St Vincent go greetings from Frank Perrault to Willie Harper, Jacques Lahaise, Rocky, LeGhoux, T. George, the boys from the Stone shed and his many other friends... "things just ain't what they used to be says John McGee to Kapitan at P.A... Hello to Lyle J., Ken Simpson and Jimmy Brand at P.A. from F. J. John... Out to Portage La Prairie go Christmas greetings to Bertha L. and Lillian R. from Edgar H... To Elva, Leanne, Ronny, Dale, Wade, Blair and Robbie, Xmas greetings from Daddy and Bardell... A very Merry Xmas to wife Carole, "I'll be with you for the next one," love Dave... All my love and thoughts to my fiancée,

Maureen in Toronto from Bill S... Spoozie sends Seasons greetings to Ava... Xmas wishes to Jane with love from Bardell... Xmas greetings to Dad, also my Aunt Mrs. A Thompson, Harvey James, my girl friend Dolores, and to my pen pals, Miss Martha Taylor and Dinah. Jim Netemegecic says thanks for the wonderful letters... Best wishes to Mav, Fred, Kevin and Bev., in Fort Wm., best always 'Long-gone' Butch... Season Greetings to wife Dodie and daughter Barby-Jo, from Ron Miller... Compliments of the Season to '**Jackpine**' from '**Ikey**'... To Willie Strong (I still feel like the champ!) Also Season's Greetings to Gordie Lahoda, and the rest of the PA hoosiers from Joe Doucette... Merry Christmas to my wife Katherine, from Jim McCulloch... Harry 'Ted Williams' Johnson sends greetings to Mitchell, Pacey, Gavin, Klein, Roger, Hunt, Roth, Double 'D,' and Freistad at PA... Greetings to Garth G., Rodney H., and The Saint at PA from Bill B... To **Bob Horan** if that Bread Man gig is anything like the Iceman gig save me a spot. **L7**... Greetings to Pacey at PA. Arrived safely — Everything is under control. Big John... Merry Christmas to wife Goldie and daughters Gena, and Bonnie from George Graham... John McGee and Joe Houle wish Season's best to Jerry B., Larry C., Ralph A., Bill K., Jack C., Little Joe T., Frankie A., Jim L., Jerry S., Chico G., and the rest of their PA friends... Best wishes to Sr. Pacey from Jr. Pacey... Yuletide Greetings to Ernie and friend Lynne from L.C. Tolton... Merry Xmas to Gavin, Gordy T. Mike H. Red H. John S. Ralph A. Freddy S. Mickey M. Butch L. Jim L. Sonny L. Jimmy W. Diz H. Vern L. Joe T. Henry L. Bert G. and Rudy K. in P.A. from Pete Jordine... Jim W. sends Greetings to Larry S. Steve Kushnyr, Garry Rice, Gord Lahoda, Lyle Jennings, Marv Friestad, Tony Schilling and Bob Hilderman at P.A. also to Tony Parent, Louis Delladona and Vern Minow in New West... Greetings to my friends Bobby Ford, Buddy Dehr, Buddy Kline, Sweeny, Johnnie McIntosh and Johnnie Rafters. Also to Jimmy Bonha and Al Moe. To Mike, Floyd "Dizzy" Hunt and Syd from Vince, Syd, Nick and Ray. . . Seasons Best to sister Helen in Transcona from brother Jack. . . To Flin Flon go greetings to Marg and Jean Boyce, Darlene and Darwin Bardwell, Lee Winterton, Betty Fitzpatrick, Bob Rainville, Barb Ford, Al and Lorne Anderson, and to all the rest of the gang; a Merry Xmas to you all and may '62 bring you nothing but happiness: from Tubby... A Xmas Greeting to my wife Joyce and my sons Kenneth and Darrel, love Bill... To Mr. and Mrs. J. Dortch of Kendersly, Sask., Xmas Greetings from Roy Chudek.

We, the Echoes mob (*Don, Rocky, Christy
and Joe*), **take time out now in wishing**

Mrs. RANDI VILLIERS

a MERRY XMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR

THE EDITOR REMARKS

With Christmas day drawing nearer and nearer, people everywhere are busy making preparations for celebrating. The Mountain Echoes is making preparations too, not to celebrate, but to meet a deadline and have the Echoes in the mail in time for delivery before Christmas.

When this issue is finished, we say goodbye to three members of our staff. Joe, Christy and "Rocky". Soon they will be leaving for greener pastures, to be with their friends and relatives. Not only were these men co-workers of mine but my friends as well.

Sports Editor and reporter, Joe Hayden, gave the sporting activities the kind of coverage only a participant can. It will take a good man to fill his boots.

Christy Brown, columnist and reporter has delighted our readers with his humor and coverage of concerts. His knowledge of music made his writing sound professional.

Artist, writer, designer, and pressman. These are some of the talents that describe the Assoc. Editor, "Rocky" Danton. The new look the Echoes has taken on are due to this fellow's efforts. Losing him will be like losing my right arm.

Good luck fellows and I hope we meet again soon, but under different circumstances.

Here's a late news item: Allen and the Silvertones, a talented group, visited us here on the afternoon of Nov. 19th. They entertained us with some fine instrumental and vocal selections. Thanks for coming and we hope you will come again soon.

To our friends everywhere, the Mountain Echoes wish you and yours a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

